

No, thank you

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"Really, Nina, it's obvious you two belong together." An auburn-haired girl told her. She wasn't very tall, but certainly taller than the girl she was talking to, her hair was short and she had green eyes. She had a dance bag slung over her shoulder and everything she was wearing hinted she was a dancer: a black leotard, tights, a pink tutu and leg warmers. The only thing that didn't match her outfit was the white high-tops she had on. In her hands was a pair of ballet shoes.

Nina rolled her eyes. "Really, Mel, Stan and I are just friends. Best friends, I might add. We're there for each other, he cheers me up when I'm sad, he knows what my favorite color is- lavender, by the way- he knows I don't like eating ice cream because of what it does to my vocals. Which some people don't understand." She added pointedly, sending a glare in Melody's direction.

Melody rolled her eyes. "I don't like eating ice cream that much not because of what it does to my vocals, but because I would be come thunder-thighs if I eat it regularly. As a dancer, I have to stay in shape. As a singer, you have to keep your voice in shape." She pointed out. Nina grinned.

"Besides, I thought you liked him." Nina said, as she slung her book bag over her shoulder. She blushed. "Yeah, I like him, Hamtaro, Howdy, and Jingle, but you, Bijou, and Pashmina stand in my way of getting them. I have a better chance at getting Jingle. I think I have a thing for red heads." She admitted.

"Really? Then you must have a thing for me." They turned and saw Stan leaning against one of the lockers, winking at Melody, who

blushed.

"I g-got t-to g-go." She stammered, holding up her ballet shoes, "I'll be late for ballet class. Later! Oh and Nina, think about what I said!" With that, she ran down the hall. Stan stared after her. "She's always in a hurry." He commented. "Right, neeners?" Suddenly, she felt self-conscious. She hated Melody for putting the thought that she and Stan were something more than friends.

She nodded in reply. He studied her. "You okay?" He asked, his voice suddenly gentle, the tone he reserved just for her. She loved him for that. He could be rude and abrasive, but with her, he was gentle. She suddenly realized why he was talking to her like that. He thought something was wrong.

She smiled. "I'm fine." She said, forcing her voice to be cheerful. "Nina, I know when your lying. What did Mel say to you?" He demanded. Nina bit her lip. "Mel just said that you and I belong together, that's all." She said quietly. Stan laughed, causing everyone to look at him strangely.

For a reason she couldn't identify, she felt hurt. "Good to know that you agree with her." She snapped, hurrying out of the building towards her SUV. "Hey, Nina! Come back!" He called after her, running. It wasn't hard for him to catch up with her. He grabbed her wrist.

"Nina, look. I laughed because it was 'bout time someone pointed that out to you. I've been waiting on the sidelines for a reason, you know. I've been cheering you up after all those jerks hurt you, beating them up, getting in trouble, all for a reason. And that reason is you, Nina Ribbon. I make sure my mom buys you favorite kind of tea-lavender, like your favorite color- even though it tastes like crap." He ignored the glare she gave him and continued, "I even suffer through Friday karaoke nights 'cause that's what you love. All the girls I flirted with, they're nothing compared to you. All the girls I dated, they're not you. I want _you._" He confessed.

"Stanâ€¦" Tears filled her eyes. "Stanâ€¦" She pulled him to her in a heated kiss. She pulled away, arms around his neck, and stared at him, emerald and blue eyes held together. "All that time, I thought we were just friends. I can't believe I've been so stupid." She whispered.

He shook his head. "Not stupid justâ€¦ blind." He said finally. She grinned. "That too." She kissed him again. "You know, I really have to thank Melody." She said. A grin spread across her face. "I know!" She exclaimed, "Stan, do you know where Jingle is?"

He frowned. "What do you want him for?" He asked. "I'm going to ask him something." She said. Still frowning, he told her he last saw him in the auditorium. "Thanks!" She said, giving him another kiss before she ran back into the school, heading for the auditorium.

"Jingle! Jingle!" She shouted. Jingle, who was strumming his guitar and staring off into space, looked at her. "Yeah?" He replied. "Do you like Melody?" She asked. His face turned red. "Yeah, she's the only thing that runs through my head as I go to bed." He said. Nina rolled her eyes. Will this boy ever stop rhyming?

"Ask her out. Trust me, you'll thank me later." With that, she turned and walked out the door.

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"Melody?" Jingle asked nervously, fidgeting with the red rose behind his back. Melody turned to him and a smile lit up her entire face. That day she was wearing a short black skirt with a green tank top and a leather jacket over it. * "Yes?" She asked. "Uh, would, uh, go out with me?" He stammered, holding out the rose.

"Omg! Yes!" She squealed. He sighed in relief. "Thanks Nina." He said aloud. "Your welcome!" Nina said cheerfully, walking past them with Stan's arm around her shoulders. "Nina?" Melody said, confused. "Thanks to her, I had the guts to ask you out." He explained.

"Thank you Nina!" Melody called after her friend. Nina turned her head back smiling. "No, thank _you._"

***= that's my favorite outfit to wear! And yes, I take ballet. And I love to say Omg! To the point where it drives my mom, dad, little sisters, and friends crazy. **

End
file.